BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09877 425 8

№ 2406.41

THE TRUSTEES OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

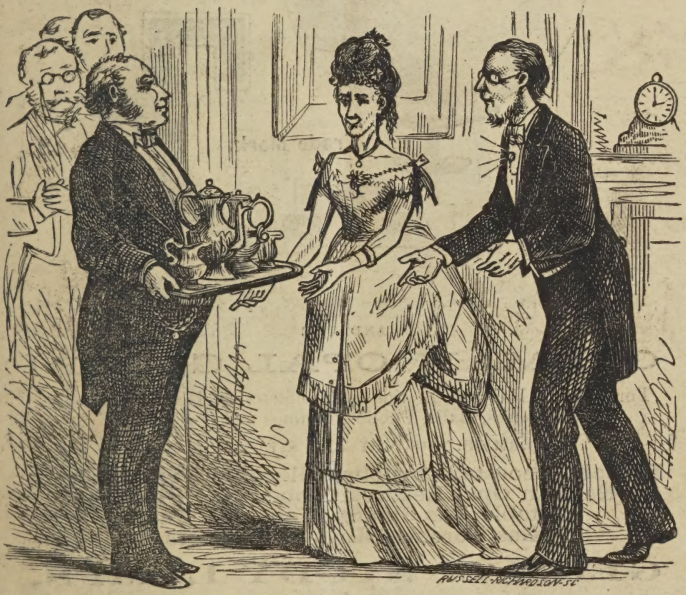
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024 with funding from
Boston Public Library

https://archive.org/details/moseskinnerssilv00brow

TEN CENTS.

MOSE SKINNER'S

Silver Wedding



AND A

TOWN AT AUCTION.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY GRANT & BROWN,

662 Washington Street.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in 1873, by J. E. Brown, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

SAVE YOUR GAS BY USING

BRONNER'S Patent GAS BURNER

AND THE

GERMAN OPAL GLOBE!

For lighting Railroad Stations, Manufactories, Hotels, Churches, Theatres, Halls, Public Buildings and Dwellings.

(FORMERLY SOLD BY D. B. STEDMAN & CO.)

French Decorated Cornelian Globes and Smoke Bells, German Opal Reading Globes, Gas Fixtures, Portable Gas Stands, Houchin's Patent Gas Torches, Keys and Tapers.

GERMAN STUDY LAMPS,

Bickford's Family Knitting Machine, Mrs. Cole's Fluting Machine, Sewing Machines, Martin's Hemmer and Tucker, McGregor's Folding Easy Chair, Shaw's Patent Treadle.

SHAW'S PATENT GAS STOVES.

FOR SALE BY

EDWARD T. BACON,

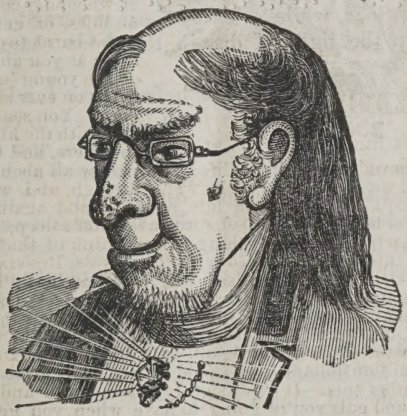
464 Washington Street,

(Store illuminated until 9 P. M.)

Opposite Boylston Market, BOSTON.

MOSE SKINNER'S

SILVER WEDDING



[*This is Him.*]

2406.41

TO WHICH IS ADDED A BRIEF

BIOGRAPHY OF MR. SKINNER.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY WARREN RICHARDSON,
112 WASHINGTON STREET.

Inform 4403.61
210774
Feb. 10, 1877.

THE HON. MOSES SKINNER,

ONE OF THE SELF-MADE MEN OF OUR TIME.

The Hon. Moses Skinner, the subject of this sketch, was born October 24, 1826. Biographers differ as to the exact locality of his birth. Some say it was the spare bedroom on the first floor, while others of equal veracity assert that he first saw the light of day in the front chamber up one flight.

He was eleven years old before that fund of humor, which has since made him famous, began to crop out. It cropped out mostly in boils and salt rheum, and Moses used to move about with a great deal of wariness and a flax-seed poultice, and sit down without ostentation. With so much humor at eleven, it is no wonder that at fifty-seven he is the greatest humorist of the day.

The bracing air of the Vermont hills, plenty of brimstone and molasses, and going barefooted nine months in the year, have given him that vigor of constitution and clearness of intellect which make him a marked man.

In 1840 he became acquainted with Tabitha Ripley's bank account, and after a short but flourishing courtship, he married her. It was a happy union. No two hearts ever beat one as theirs did; and when a few years after Mr. Skinner was left a widower, the whole world looked dark and gloomy. There was a great void in his heart, and a great void in the bank account; and when, six months later, he became acquainted with Matilda Baxter at a picnic, he fell an easy victim to her blandishments, and allowed her to marry him.

In politics Mr. Skinner is a Methodist, with a mild and genial eye, besides being a firm believer in free lunches. He is also a prohibitionist and bald headed. This baldness is probably the result of a too active brain, though it may be the effect of too much matrimony.

Mr. Skinner stands prominently before the public to-day as the only man who made any money out of the last great Jubilee.

MOSE SKINNER'S

SILVER WEDDING.

IT being just twenty-five years since my first wife died, I thought I couldn't better celebrate that event than by a grand Silver Wedding.

Alas! can it be possible that twenty-five summers have glided away! It seems but day before yesterday since I returned from her funeral an altered man, and asked the undertaker if he couldn't take his pay partly in a second-hand soda fountain, and the rest in job printing.

The great trouble in silver weddings is, you are apt to get two presents alike; and something that you want very much indeed, you don't get at all. Now this unnatural state of things need not exist. If a man only possesses that heaven-born genius, tact, he can reform this great social monstrosity.

Notice how I did, for instance.

In the first place, Mrs. Skinner and I interviewed our stock of silver ware, and made an inventory in a little pass-book. We then put the whole lot on the centre-table, and held an inquest over it. Mrs. S. acted as foreman; and the unanimous verdict was, that the court could absorb about twenty-five square presents without gormandizing.

So Mrs. Skinner sat right down and drafted the invitations, hinting in a delicate manner what we should like each person to bring. Like this : —

MRS. JULIA CRABTREE

AND HUSBAND.

You are hereby both asked

TO

MR. AND MRS. MOSES SKINNER'S

SILVER WEDDING,

Jan. 17th.

*** *Please bring silver caster with extra mustard jug.*

MRS. ANN MARIA DUNBAR

AND HUSBAND.

You are both hereby asked

TO

MR. AND MRS. MOSES SKINNER'S

SILVER WEDDING,

Jan. 17th.

*** *Our tea-pot leaks. A silver one, with a monogram on it, is more, however, than we can reasonably expect.*

In the interval that elapsed before the 17th, Mrs. Skinner was in a terrible stew for fear something would happen to interfere with our plans. The most she dreaded was, that something might happen to the weather. She got the Old Farmer's Almanac out forty times a day, to be sure we hadn't made any mistake about the 17th; and then she borrowed all the different kinds of almanacs she could rake up in the neighborhood, and pored over 'em till midnight,

and compared 'em together. And I saw a letter laying on the table directed to "Hon. Mr. PROBABILITY, Washington, D. C.," and down in a corner of the envelope, "The old gentleman," all in Mrs. Skinner's handwriting; and as she had some tin-types taken about that time, it is more than likely she enclosed one, for she never does things by halves. She is a remarkable woman. She can walk farther, eat faster, and fry more flapjacks than any six women of her gender; and she can make a Woman's Rights speech that'll make a whole Female Suffrage Bazaar go into convulsions. She is, in fact, full of those numberless little graces that go to make woman an ornament to the male sex.

Well, the eventful 17th came at last, and every thing looked promising. We had an early supper, and after I had wiped the dishes, I went upstairs and toiletted. I am not by any means a repulsive man, and when I had moved into a black swallow-tailed coat, and a maroon velvet vest with a butterfly figure, a sky-blue necktie, and magenta kids, even my most inveterate enemy could but acknowledge that I was got up in the most 'labratory manner.

Mrs. S. was dressed in her usual good taste, though she had, perhaps, a trifle more bustle than was strictly adapted to a moderate sized tenement, without folding doors. But I wouldn't have said a word, if she hadn't insisted on trying to condense her sylph-like form into a pair of number twenty-five corsets. She did it, though, after rehearsing two hours and a half; but she couldn't shut her mouth without horrible griping pains all over her, and when she took a long breath she had to stand on tiptoe. Her hair was done up in a new style, the French twist, I think she called it. Her left eye was twisted nearly out of its socket, trying to convene all her hair into one place. Her eyebrows haven't really set well since. She asked me how she

looked. This was so condescending and affable in her, that I will own I was satisfied. I told her I had never seen her look so sublime, so awe inspiring. I told her she reminded me of some grand old ruin. She was pleased; Oh, I could see that. She said she was proud of me. I was so stately and noble. She said I looked like an ancient piece of Roman architecture re-frescoed.

Thus in loving compliment did we beguile the time.

On the arrival of the guests, Mrs. Skinner took charge of the presents with as much emotion as the value of the present called for. A silver pie knife she received with a husky tremor in her voice, while an elegant silver fruit dish caused her to entirely break down with emotion. But she took her smelling salts pretty regular, and managed to hold her head up, and look tolerably chipper to the very last. I stood close by her, and she handed me the presents, and I went and put each one where it would do the most good.

I had previously engaged a beautiful band to discourse plaintive strains from a very tasty platform, made from the family ironing board and two leaves from the extension table, the whole festooned with the American flag and bust of Washington, which I borrowed from Slocum's auction room. It was a very impressive tableau; but as the man who played the trombone was the only one who made his appearance, except the bass drummer, and as both clamored loudly for their pay before they begun, the effect was somewhat marred. As good fortune would have it, however, there was among the guests an Italian nobleman who was professor of the hand organ. He was such a perfect master of that noble instrument, that he could play without notes and look round the room at the same time, and we were soon tripping our heavy fantastic toe in the hazy waltz.

At precisely ten o'clock, the Hon. Dr. Toadee, president of the Old Fogy Mutual Admiration Society, of which I am an humble member, came forward to present me with a gold-headed cane. As he opened his mouth to speak, every movement was hushed. The silence was so profound, that Flora Perkins, who was leaning forward to catch every word and lost her balance, was distinctly heard to drop.

Flora wasn't dressed with her usual care that evening. She was hastily built, as you might say, and wasn't properly rivetted. The consequence was, that when she struck, some part of her shackling gave way, or a linch-pin fell out, or something of that kind, and she dropped all apart like a dissected puzzle. I have seen barn raisings, and street widenings, and house cleanings, and burnt districts, but I never saw anything look so depressingly chaotic as Flora did. It took as much as ten minutes to reconstruct her, and dovetail all the little odds and ends, so she could be made anyways decent, and then there was sweepings enough to start a milliner and dressmaking bazaar.

The idea of Flora's veneering herself up, and ambling round like a young heifer, at her time of life, is perfectly ridiculous. If she ever comes to my silver wedding again without bringing a present, I'll write something about her that'll make her so mad her false teeth will jump right out of her head and chatter.

But I digress.

Dr. Toadee's speech was full of pathos, and for the most part entirely original. This latter I know because I wrote it myself. He said:

"Mr. Skinner: — A party of eleven gentlemen, recognizing and admiring your massive intellect, your unswerving integrity, and those high and noble aspirations which are the keynotes of your smallest action, venture to offer

you this cane as a slight testimonial of the esteem and admiration in which you are held by the citizens of Boston. The heart of this great municipality and suburbs, throb in sympathy with yours; in that sympathy, Mr. Skinner, which must ever exist between the masses, and he, who, rising slowly but majestically *from* the masses, stands at last a truly great man. Truly great, because of a noble career adorned with noble actions; of a pure mind, of the very highest morality and most genuine philanthropy, and a whole character synonymous with all that makes the world gaze with respectful admiration, and say, '*That is a man.*'"

Toadee ought to have stopped here, for his copy had run out. But the wretched man had got the fever on him, and imagined he could give 'em something pretty nice, *impromptu*. So, notwithstanding my winks and frowns, he proceeded:

"Take this cane, Mr. Skinner, I say take it. And may you — may you value it, not for its intrinsic worth, but for the pleasant associations which cluster around it, — and — and gather around it, — and — and elbow each other around it, — sir, — and — may it be many years before you have to lean upon it for support, sir; and when you do, sir, — may it — may it support you, sir, — as — as well as your first wife did, sir, Mr. Skinner; and we trust — and we trust, — and the man we bought it of trusted, too, sir. Bless you, Mr. Skinner, — bless you."

And the poor creature sat down, bathed in perspiration. He actually slopped over.

But it was a pretty cane, and the guests were profuse in their encomiums. I carried it back next day to the man I borrowed it of, and he only charged me twenty-five cents for the use of it.

All this time Mrs. Skinner was out in the kitchen, getting the treat ready. Uncle Joshua sent us down four gallons of hard cider and a bushel of popping corn, for a New Year's present, so we were amply provided for in the way of refreshments for our guests. Mrs. S. was perspiring freely, on hospitable thoughts intent, and the very atmosphere betokened conviviality. The whole arrangement was of the most complete order, including a dozen extra saucers that I borrowed into Mrs. Johnson's.

The hands of the kitchen clock pointed at precisely 10.42, as my little daughter Hortense went into the parlor and rung the dinner bell three times. Then Mrs. Skinner she marched in with the pop corn, and I followed with the cider. I hate to see people stiff and constrained on such an occasion, so I only carried one tumbler, and waited for each one to drink. It was much more sociable, and the cider went farther, too. Mrs. Skinner and I felt that, in a family where there were young children growing up, we ought to save at least two quarts of that cider for medicinal purposes.

Well, after the treat was over, we had some singing from Hannah Jane Baxter, who has been two quarters to the Conservatory, and gets fourteen dollars a year for singing in the Methodist choir.

She probably thought she'd be asked to sing, for she brought a music roll about as large as the small end of an ordinary butter firkin. She sung a "Sea Side Reverie," commencing "Methinks I hear the blue fish scream." As the last notes of her exquisitely modulated voice died away, every movement was hushed as though all were trying to catch the last faint echo as it died away, when my daughter Hortense exclaimed loudly —

"Marm, shall I carry back Mrs. Johnson's sarsers now?"

It is a great grief to me that Hortense hasn't the slightest ear for music.

After this we had a comic song by a young man, at which nobody laughed, and a sentimental song about moonlight and gentle zephyrs by a young lady, who rolled her eyes way up out of sight, and puckered her mouth seven ways at once, trying to sing it with appropriate expression. Then we had "twirl the cover," in which a young man had the courage to kiss his mother-in-law; and "blind man's buff," in which a disreputable young man broke my gilt-framed looking-glass,— that I paid a dollar for at Slocum's auction — and put his foot through our new wash boiler, without offering to pay for either.

Then Mrs. Skinner and I stood up, and received the silver-tongued congratulations of our guests on our happy wedded life. But I didn't need 'em. No, I should say not. When I see a man utterly crushed in spirit, and bald-headed, at the premature age of fifty-seven, with black and blue spots on different parts of his body, and a wife who is not only willing but anxious to furnish him with more spots in assorted shades and at the lowest market price, I pause ere I congratulate him on wedded bliss. Not that I would insinuate Mrs. Skiuner is not as gentle as a dove in the olive branch business. Not at all. I simply say that in a case of this kind I should probably pause, to the extent of a period and two semi-colons, ere I congratulated him.

Then we had waterproofs, coquettish glances, overshoes, and fond adieus.

In addition to the presents hinted at above, we received a silvery beam from the moon, a lock of grey hair streaked with silver, a share in a Colorado silver mine, a silver tone from a maiden's voice, some castor oil taken from a silver caster, a silver coffin plate from my son-in-law, and two silver half-dollars in a bottle from my brother John.

To say the affair was a splendid, magnificent, overwhelming, reprotruberistical success, would be stating the case so very mild that I forbear. There is no word in our language long enough to do the affair justice. Nothing short of twenty-two syllables with a mansard roof and fire extinguisher, would do the affair justice. I have spent hours communing with Webster's dictionary, yearning to grapple with the right adjective, but without avail. He writes a very good book, though, Webster does. The plot is fresh and absorbing, and the interest is well maintained throughout. The chapters are a trifle long, however, and it ends rather abruptly. But I think the moral is excellent. No person can read it through attentively without being made better, filled with nobler impulses as it were. Regarding its utility, however, I should not want to commit myself in its praise. That a painful void in the adjective department seriously mars the completeness of the work, is to me, personally, a cause of regret. I am glad to hear that it has met with fair success, and perhaps, if Daniel had lived, he would have given us something more complete, and at the same time less dramatic in its tone.

So everybody was kind to me, and the Press particularly so. Of the dailies, the *Morning Lyre*, edited by my esteemed personal friend, Montague Jenkins, Esq., gave the most simple and truthful account. I quote: —

SILVER WEDDING.

The palatial residence of our esteemed fellow citizen, Moses Skinner, Esq., was on Tuesday evening thronged with the talent, beauty, and wit of the modern Athens—the occasion being the Silver Wedding of the genial host and his beautiful and fascinating partner.

The guests began to arrive shortly after eight o'clock, and the elegant drawing-rooms soon presented a scene of

varied beauty. Exquisite and bewildering strains of music greeted the enraptured ear, and intoxicating perfumes, rippling laughter, and vivacious dialogue floated on the tremulous air. Fair youth and gentle maiden lent their presence to grace the festal scene, and beauty, grace, and refinement vied with each other in making the occasion an event that will linger in the minds of those fortunate enough to be present, while memory lasts.

The apartments were elegantly furnished. A superb chandelier, from the well known establishment of Johnson & Co., 37 John Street, imparted a soft but brilliant glow throughout the apartments. The richest of Brussels carpets received the tread, as the peaceful lake receives the graceful swan. The walls were lavishly adorned with elegant mirrors and superb paintings, one of which, "Sunset," was the theme of general remark. We have never seen but one picture that approached it in delicacy of shading and general fineness of execution—that being in the Duke of Herreford's gallery, when we were a guest of the Duke's in the summer of '59. The picture in Mr. Skinner's drawing-room is from the easel of Mary Jane Baxter, a sister of Mrs. Skinner. Miss Baxter is an artist of no mean ability. She has rooms at 44 J Street, where she is prepared to take a very limited and select number of scholars. Terms, $12.00 a quarter; half down, and the other half as soon as convenient.

The gifts presented to Mr. and Mrs. Skinner were profuse and elegant. One attracted considerable attention. It was a unique glass case containing silver coin to a fabulous amount. It bore the following inscription: —

To my dear brother Moses Skinner, and his estimable partner, whose gentle presence and mild affection has smoothed the rugged pathway of his life. Oh! may we all pass into the decline of life with that touching confidence and unbroken affection which characterizes their wedded life.

Yours truly,

JOHN SKINNER,

Plumber and Gasfitter,

No. 7 Hastings Court,

Four doors below the Bengal House. Terms cash.

Another beautiful and *recherché* gift was an elegant engraved silver coffin-plate, to Mrs. Skinner, from her son-in-law, Mortimer Perrigo, Esq. It was the work of his own hands, and in its artistic finish, skill and affection were blended. It was accompanied with the following card: —

To my dear mother-in-law, Mrs. Skinner, whose presence reconciled me, when on a sick bed, to death, and who, in health, I can never forget.

The public's faithful servant,
MORTIMER PERRIGO,
Undertaker,
17½ Jennings Place.

☞ Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

P. S. I have just marked down my entire stock of Coffins, to make room for Spring goods. In the midst of life we are in death. Reduction for only thirty days.

We are happy to announce to the friends of Mr. Perrigo, that he has just entered into an alliance with the Death's Head Steamship Line and the Cross Bones Railway Co., and will soon rent the magnificent block, corner of K Street.

But to return to the bewildering glare of Mr. Skinner's drawing-rooms. During the evening, Mr. S. was the recipient of an elegant silver-mounted cane, presented by leading citizens of Boston. It was intended as a surprise to Mr S., and it proved to be a most genuine one. Mr. S. was taken completely aback, and was evidently deeply affected, as it was some moments before he could master his emotions sufficiently to reply. To relieve his embarrassment, Judge Gr—n led the captivating Miss Putty to the piano, where she poured forth her soul in a gush of melody. Other artists, comprising some of the best musical talent of the day, also performed various choice selections, making the gorgeous *salon* a carnival of bewitching music.

A superb banquet was partaken of at about 11 P. M., at which the genial host presided, and which was in keeping with his well-known liberality and exquisite taste.

We cannot close this hastily written and imperfect paragraph without referring to the toilettes, which were perfectly superb. We note a few: —

Miss Huldy J—n—s, of Milan, was elegantly dressed in a gored underskirt of Knickerbocker serge, with frilled biases to match. Her neck and arms fairly blazed with jewels, procured at a fabulous outlay, at a dollar store.

Miss J—k—s, 32 Fl—t Street, was superbly arrayed in a pair of red morocco slippers and a bracelet, and moved in that vast assembly like a thing of life.

Miss B—dg—t O'Fl—ty, of S—h C—ve, was bewilderingly attired in an elegant *poult-de-soie* Valenciennes, looped up with clusters of tarantula. Her enormous green beau, imported from Paris (Maine), was the subject of general remark.

Miss Florielle B—nj—n made her first appearance in enamelled eyebrows and store-teeth, and was the cynosure of all eyes.

Miss J. Sm—h, 113 B—h Street, was attired in a pair of superb waterproof leggings.

Miss Dinah J—ns—n, 42 J—y Street, a dashing brunette, was dressed with exquisite taste,—an elegant oroide brooch and paper cuffs well becoming her elegant figure. She was the acknowledged belle of the evening, and as she dashed into the mazy waltz with the Count De Murphy, the fascinating Italian duke, a hum of admiration pervaded the apartment.

Miss T—x, 71 K Street, was the cynosure of many eyes, it being her first appearance in public since she wore a glass eye. We examined the eye critically, and can frankly assert that it is highly becoming, though it lacks the arch expression and liquid depth of the natural orb. She informed us, however, that it bore the glare of light better.

A TOWN AT AUCTION.

AT the annual Town Meeting held in Byetown, Vermont, in March, 1872, it was unanimously voted to repair the engine house, and put a new fence round the graveyard. This left the town eighty-one dollars in debt, and folks began to ask themselves "Whither are we drifting?" and a good many moved away.

Knots of excited citizens gathered on the corners of the streets, and various opinions were expressed. Those who had nothing were for an increase of taxes, while those who had were for repudiation; and all waited impatiently for the action of the Selectmen, who had a consultation, with closed doors, February 17th.

The result of that consultation may be found in the following, which appeared in the next issue of the *Byetown Chronicle.*

"TO THE LEGAL VOTERS OF BYETOWN!

"COUNTYMEN! FELLOW CITIZENS!

"Our fair village is eighty-one (81) dollars in debt!! It must succumb to this grievous pecuniary burden!!!

"What shall we do?

"Putting our hands in our pockets is not to be thought of for a moment.

"Other resources are equally impracticable. The only thing left us is to sell the town.

"The idea is not new. Several towns in New England have, as you know, changed their names within the past few

years, for a consideration. Some on 'em got a Library, some got a School-house, some a Soldiers' Monument, and some got the cash. Libraries, school-houses, and monyments will do very well if anybody can afford 'em, but they aint *vital.* Cash is vital. We purpose, therefore, and whereas, to sell this town at public auction to the highest cash bidder, at such time and place as may be hereafter designated; and we pray the citizens to take action thereon at the coming Town Meeting."

Signed,

JOSEPH BILSON,
ELI MUDGETT,
SOLOMON GREGGS,
JOEL BENSON,
} *Selectmen of Byetown.*

The proposition was somewhat novel, but it seemed to strike our discriminating community with favor. We may be poor here in Byetown, but we are honest. It is our boast that we never run in debt when we can borrow money.

The vote stood four hundred and thirty-three and a fraction for changing the name, to three against. It was decided to sell April 1st, and a committee was organized to make the arrangements.

The *Chronicle* immediately came out with a column of advertising, setting forth the beauties of the town, and a double-leaded editorial on the solemnity of the occasion. This, in addition to a large number of circulars distributed judiciously among members of Congress, quack doctors, and mill corporations, had the effect of drawing together a convention of refined and educated persons. In fact, the town hall was so very crowded, that a motion to adjourn to the vacant lot adjoining the cemetery was unanimously carried.

At 11 o'clock, Professor Bundy, of the Academy, mounted the express wagon provided for the occasion, and proceeded to make a few remarks. He said this was no ordinary occasion.

"Posterity," said he, "will cherish the name of the highest bidder with feelings of awe and reverence, and his name will live as long as the town itself, with its 'mellow and variegated foliage, its rich, undulating woodland, and its prolific soil, which, for corn and potatoes, cannot be excelled, if you will allow me to quote from the very truthful advertisement in the *Byetown Chronicle*."

Then the Baptist choir, which had kindly volunteered their services, enlivened the scene with one of their sparkling dirges, after which the auctioneer took his position and began to reel off adjectives, verbs, nouns, and other dictionary furniture, at the rate of a panegyric a minute.

The first bid was twenty dollars, from Abijah Slocum, who keeps a livery stable here. This was received with groans. The next was twenty-eight dollars, from Dr. Perkins, the patent medicine man, and author of "Perkins' Lightning Pills," every pill warranted to gripe, or the money refunded. Then the Hon. Horatio Slumkin, Representative from this district, stepped forward, and, amid a deep silence, made a bid of fifty dollars, which was received with great acclamations. The Hon. gent had just returned from Washington with three or four thousand dollars back pay in his pocket, which he voted himself, and naturally felt pretty flush. [A clerk in the Byetown Savings Bank, emulating the noble example of the Hon. Horatio, voted himself double pay for the past two years, and took it while the cashier was gone to dinner. He abandoned banking pursuits shortly after, and the Warden of the State Prison says he has got that in him which will produce a good shoe.]

The Hon. Horatio had a very spirited opponent, however, in Peleg Slawson, the tin peddler, who has driven through this section for going on forty years. Peleg's old gray mare and red wagon, with corn brooms sticking up all over it, is just as chronic round Byetown as brimstone and molasses in April, and when he bid sixty dollars the excitement was at fever heat. He and the Hon. Horatio had it nip and tuck till it got up to ninety dollars, and there it seemed to stick. I made up my mind that was all the darned thing would fetch anyhow, when a bright thought struck me. Why not buy the town myself? What a big thing it would be for me to have in all the papers, that a town in Vermont had been named for the Hon. Moses Skinner, the eminent philanthropist! It would be more than a big thing. It would be a bloated episode, and a colossal dispensation.

Saturated with these sublime thoughts, I focussed my eagle eye on the auctioneer, and bid one hundred dollars.

"One hundred dollars," he gasped eagerly. "One hundred,—dred,—dred,—dred; do I hear ten,—ten,—hundred anten, — dredanten, — dredanten, — dredantendred. Last chance, dredanten, — beautiful town, — dredanten, — variegated foliage,— dredanten, — prolific soil, — dredantendred. Going,—do I hear dredanten,—going,—do I hear ten and dendrid,—going,—do I hear hen and tendrid, and—gone to Mr. Moses Skinner, for one hundred dollars.

There was one burst of applause from that vast assembly, and the next moment I was lifted and borne on the shoulders of four strong men to the express wagon. And then there arose a cry like the lashing of stormy waves.

"Speech! Speech!! Three cheers for the new town of Skinner!!! Skinner forever!!!!"

At that moment I felt what it was to be famous, and good, and looked up to. I felt the bewildering sweetness of

being truly great. But I dispersed the numerous agitation which mangled my bosom, and spoke as follows:

"Fellow citizens and women folks. This is a ponderous epoch. (Cheers.) In future ages history will place this event side by side with the leading occurrences of the 19th century, and the Old Farmer's Almanac will mention it regularly in the same size type as the birth of Franklin, and the Boston fire. (Emotion.) You are to-day manufacturing history with a facility and completeness surpassing forty horse power. (Applause.)

"In naming your beautiful town for me with such extraordinary unanimity, you have conferred a great honor not only upon yourselves, but upon your posterity, your posterity's children, and I may add without egotism, your posterity's grandchildren. (Cheers.)

"That this very flattering distinction was unsought for by me, you cannot for a moment doubt. If there is anything I loathe and abhor, it is ostentation. (Bursts of applause.)

"If ostentation was my forte, no man living has more right to ostentate than myself, although you may not be aware of it. I am descended from a very old family. I had three grandmothers that lived to be 110, and my grandfathers would have done so if they hadn't been drowned.

"It may also gratify you to know that my wife is also of noble blood. She was a Baxter, and is one of the heirs to the Baxter property in England. This property amounts to four hundred and seventeen millions, and there are forty-four heirs in this country, and two in England. We have a meeting at the Barker House next week to hear the report of our lawyer who has returned from England, and to raise money enough to send another one. We've sent seventeen lawyers over there to look up our title, and they've travelled all over Europe and had a first rate time, and we've

paid all their bills. We've got the names of seventeen more who are ready to go any time on the same terms, and every one of 'em is sure of getting the property. The other seventeen had no difficulty in finding the title, but there was a slight technical flaw in it.

"We aint felt in any hurry about getting it, because it is increasing all the time; but as we want a little spare change along in the Fall, we shall probably tell the next lawyer to bring it over. Consequently, if you should see me between this and Thanksgiving, embellished with a lavender necktie, black velvet shooting jacket, and a diamond pin as large as a small banjo, you need't be at all surprised.

"The property is coming over in two ships and a steam tug, and as soon as things get settled up I shall make this town a present of a high school and an engine house. (Immense applause.) Then I shall expect you to start a subscription for my monument, and whatever sum is lacking I will put my name down for."

Portraits and biographies of Moses Skinner, Esq., one of the self-made men of our times, are already prepared in three positions, for the illustrated papers. Our town shall become famous. In addition to a Skinner monument and Skinner high school, there shall be a Skinner steam fire engine, a Skinner Institute, a Skinner oyster saloon, a Skinner Lyceum, a Skinner Association, and a Skinner billiard hall. Then there shall be a paper called the 'Skinner Times,' with two editors who shall think just as I do, for $15 a week apiece.

When there is a public reception, I shall welcome the honored guest. In all public processions I shall ride in a barouche with four horses, with a white vest and gold spectacles on; and when the procession halts, and the fifty Sunday school children dressed in white sing a beautiful hymn,

I shall rise and bow once to each point of the compass. I shall be president of all political gatherings, and introduce the speakers. I shall control town meetings, and influence the liquor agency. I shall also lay all the corner-stones and dedicate anything new; and at picnics, I shall be the one to call the assembly to order, and announce that the 'clam chowder is now ready. You will please fall in, two by two, to avoid confusion.'

I am happy to state that the new town of Skinner is in a flourishing condition. We shall dedicate a Soldier's monument soon, and vote on the beer question. Our new hotel is a marvel of elegance and magnitude. It has a pump at the door, and has accommodations for five hundred life insurance agents. Horse cars will begin running soon, and of the nineteen conductors five will wear a clean shirt. We have the largest pest house in the State, and seven sewing machine agents will shortly locate here. And it's all owing to my enterprise and business capacity.

If you want Plays, or Dramatic Works of any description, go to GRANT & BROWN, 662 Washington Street, Boston. Send for free Catalogue. Any Play sent free on receipt of price.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE CO.

FRIEND & SWEETSER,

NEW ENGLAND AGENTS.

New Location,

778 Washington Street,

Corner Florence Street, under Hotel Florence.

A Complete Assortment of Silk, Cotton, and Machine Trimmings.

Eureka Air Bustle!

EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE ONE.

FOR SALE AT THE

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE ROOMS,

778 Washington Street, Boston.

WARREN RICHARDSON,

[Established 1846.]

Book, Job and Music

PRINTER,

112 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

Mose Skinner's Recommendation.

RICHARDSON has always printed my books, and I have paid him more than five thousand dollars and nineteen cents. He's the only man who can say he ever got any money out of Mose Skinner. You see he knew me when I was young, so at the beginning of our transactions he quietly hinted that promises to pay didn't exactly fit his case; so, to humor him, I invariably kept on the credit side of his ledger account. And whenever any one is inquisitive as to my moral character, whether as a citizen or a Methodist, I always refer him to Richardson.

If any man or woman wants any kind of PRINTING — such as Cards, Billheads, Circulars, or Pamphlets — Richardson will do it for them in the best manner and at low prices, and is always willing to take his pay in greenbacks or clean currency. Besides being a first-rate Printer, Richardson is a good fellow and a whole-souled Christian — as he never chews tobacco in any form, or euchres the poor.

Mose Skinner.

A Mother's Advice to her Daughter.

"SARAH JANE, I'm your own mother; and now you're going to marry 'Siah Brown to-morrow, and leave us for way off Kansas, I want to have a good say, and hope you'll always remember it, while you're raising a family of boys and girls, that'll be always having the measles, or whooping cough, the itch, or biles, or getting scalt, or 'most burnt to death, jest the same as you and all the rest of the young 'uns have been going on ever since you were born. You see this little tin box, with the kiver all dented up—there, and there! Every single dent saved your father's life! You know all about his going to the war, and the awful battles he went through, and was spared to get home again, after we'd gin him up, time and again. Well, the night afore he left home, while he was abed and asleep, I sat up and packed his knapsack. Everything I could think of that he'd need, I put in; and this very box, filled with REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, was worth more than everything else. The very first battle he's in, a bullet struck against the box, and saved his life. And more'n a dozen bullets hit against the box, as you can see. And when your father got that terrible wound in his leg, it was the RUSSIA SALVE that saved it, for they wanted to cut his leg off. He said that box of Salve was cheap at a million dollars—and I paid only 25 cents for it. Now, Sarah Jane, remember this:—It don't signify whether you and 'Siah or any of the boys and gals you're going to have when you get way off in Kansas, have more than a single rag to your back, or half a biled tater in each of your bellies, if you only keep in the cupboard a full box of RUSSIA SALVE. Victuals and drink are a luxury, and well enough in their place, but RUSSIA SALVE you can never do without. There's no end to the good in a box of that Salve. 'Sposin' your little Sarah Jane or little Josiah should pull the hot tea-pot on to 'em, or on to the baby sleeping quiet as a little lamb in the cradle, what would you do, I'd like to know, without RUSSIA SALVE?" "Send for the doctor." "Send for the fiddlestick, you little simpleton! The doctor! pshaw! I'd give more for a teaspoonfull of RUSSIA SALVE than all the wisdom of all the doctors in the Universe biled down to a gill measure! I tell you, Sarah Jane, if there ever was such a thing as inspired remedies for we poor suffering critters, RUSSIA SALVE is that inspired remedy. When I was a little girl, not more'n seven or eight years old, one of Deacon Pingree's hired men was digging taters in the field, when he brought the hoe right agin the side of his foot, and cut clean into the bone. All the doctors said he'd die of lockjaw, sure, and everybody thought so, too. After a terrible spell of it, when they were getting ready to saw off his foot, my father said 'twas a burning shame they had'nt tried RUSSIA SALVE—and he went to the Deacon's and begged and coaxed, and finally they consented to try it, and in less than a month the man's foot was all well. The Deacon felt so grateful that he sent Mr. Redding a twenty-dollar gold piece. Why, it's past ten o'clock! and you're to be married in the morning! Good night!"

THE BEST CABINET ORGANS

ARE MANUFACTURED BY THE

New England Organ Co.

49, 51 & 53 WAREHAM STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

A fine variety of styles, adapted for *Home Amusement*, for *Churches*, *Chapels*, *Halls*, the *School* and *Lodge Room.*

To parties of moderate means, who wish to secure an instrument, we are prepared to supply on the plan of monthly payments.

☞ *Catalogue sent free to any address.*

GAS STOVES.

W.F. SHAW'S PATENT GAS COOKING & IRONING APPARATUS.

W. F. SHAW'S PATENT

464 Washington St., Boston, Mass.